

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 50.—VOL. XVIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1807.

936.

From the Political Observatory.

HAVING occasion to go a few miles out of town the other day, I was unfortunately overtaken by a severe storm & necessitated to call at a small house for shelter. No sooner had I passed the threshold than I perceived that indigence was the companion of the melancholy family. I walked to the fire, sat down upon a broken chair, and attempted to warm myself, but in vain; there were only a few coals upon the hearth, and no wood to be had. The house being poorly thatched, the storm drove through in every direction, and rendered my security little better than the open field. In one corner of the room on a tattered couch lay the unfortunate husband, incessantly groaning and shrieking under the heavy pains of a poignant disease. His hands, which had been the only support of his numerous family, were now confined to the bed of sickness. He looked around upon the faithful partner of his bosom, and little prattling children, and uttered the following words. "My dearest companion and tender offspring, once better days I knew. But alas! they are forever fled. When health beamed in my countenance I could toil cheerfully all the day and bring home a supply of provisions for our daily wants. But now the prospect is dark and gloomy; my health is impaired and my strength fails, and no hopes of recovery remain. Afflictions are the common lot of all, but they hang upon us in a peculiar manner. My coarse lodgings here will soon be changed for the silent grave. Soon I shall be beyond want, and need no assistance from any earthly hand—soon I shall cease from troubling and be at rest. But how can I leave you my dear wife and innocent children in this distressful situation, without a comfortable home or the necessaries of life. Could I but see your circumstances convenient and happy, I could close my eyes in peace and serenity. Life has no pleasure for me; my only anxiety is concerning your future welfare. But God is good, and to his all merciful protection I now commend you, trusting we shall again meet in a better and a happier world, where our poverty, our distress and tears will be removed from us."

Weakness forbade any farther utterance. His wife rested his swooning head on her tender compassionate bosom, while tears bathed her cheeks, and sighs swelled her breast. His children assembled round the bed, and cried with grief and sorrow to see their father racked with such distressing pains.

The most energetic language is totally inadequate to express the pathetic emotions that moved in my bosom while viewing this melancholy scene. Methought I saw poverty; but upon further consideration, I retracted my error. This man was rich, notwithstanding he stood in need of many earthly comforts—rich in grace, and rich in the pardoning manifestations of redeeming love. Though he closed his eyes in a humble cottage, yet his soul was prepared for mansions of bliss, prepared to inhabit that temple which is not made with hands, but whose builder and maker is God.

Such was the distressing situation of this indigent family. Thither let the votaries of pleasure resort and view the sufferings of their fellow mortals. Ye inebriated tipplers, who are spending your money, time and reputation in midnight reveling, sacrificing your interests to brutal gratifications, and destroying all earthly happiness, repair to this residence of despair, and liberally bestow that property which you are spending in folly and extravagance, and comfort, support and relieve the afflicted. Their cup of calamity is completely full—their sorrows have bent them over the grave—and their days have become mingled with the poison of wretchedness, which casts melancholy glooms over their remaining hours. Ye who can sympathize with the afflicted, visit these dreary mansions of sorrow where comfort has long been a stranger. Assist your fellow travellers on their melancholy journey home, that you may not feel ashamed to meet them before your God. May our hearts feel for the calamities of mankind, and our tears stream for others' woes. May we take our friends in distress, and lead them by the hand, and thus reciprocally pursue our appointed course.

DREADFUL SHIPWRECK.

Interesting particulars of the loss of the King George Packet, on Salisbury Bank, near Park-Gate

THE King George Packet, captain Walker, bound from Park-Gate to Dublin, sailed from Park-Gate exactly at 12 o'clock, on Sunday, with a flag at her topmast head, full tide, weather hazy, and drizzling rain, with the wind nearly south. At half past one o'clock, she struck on the Salisbury Sand Bank, and remained nearly four hours dry, with part of her crew on the sands, waiting for the next tide. No apprehensions were then entertained of her having received any injury. On the return of the tide the wind veered to the west, and she received the wind and tide right on her side, resting against her anchor. As the tide came in, she filled rapidly with water; the night was dark with rain. Her passengers, mostly Irish harvest-men, above one hundred in number, who were going home with pittance of their labours to their families, were under hatches. The pumps were soon choked, and the water came so fast on the Irishmen in the hold, that they drew their large harvest pocket knives, and with a desperation that a dread of death alone inspires, slew one another to make their way upon deck. The wind and waves beating hard upon her side, her cable broke, and she was drifted round with her head towards the tide, and lay upon her side. They were three miles from any vessel, and could not, or at least did not, give any signal that was heard. The boat was launched, and ten persons, among which was the captain and an Irish gentleman, got into it. It was nearly full of water, and death on all sides stared them in the face. Her

captain seeing some of his best sailors still with the vessel, and falsely hoping she might remain the tide, which had an hour and a half to flow, went again on board; the Irish gentleman and three others followed him. One of the sailors in the boat, seeing a poor Irish sailor boy clinging to the side of the vessel, pulled him by the hair of the head into the boat, cut the rope that fastened it to the vessel, and the tide drove them away. At this time great numbers ran screaming upon the mast; a woman, with her child fastened to her back, was at the topmast head; the mast broke, the vessel being on her side, and they were all precipitated into the waves! Only five men and the poor Irish sailor boy, have escaped; the remainder, one hundred and twenty-five in number, among whom were seven cabin passengers, perished! the boat and her little crew were driven up by the tide within a quarter of a mile of Park-Gate. They heard the cries of the sufferers distinctly for half an hour. The ebb tide washed the vessel down into the deep waters, she was seen no more till the next tide drove her up. She is now fastened by an anchor to a sand bank, and lies on her side, with her keel towards Park Gate, and her head to the Welsh coast, her lower mast and rigging out of water. The King George Packet belongs to Mr. Brown, of Liverpool; she was formerly a privateer, and carried 16 guns; was afterwards employed as a Harwich packet.

Two fishermen from Chester were lost on the sands the same night, owing to their boats being drifted by the tide, while they were in search of prey.

Lon. pap.

ON CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT, that blessing without which all others are incomplete, is, if we are at the pains of exerting our reason, one of the easiest attainments in life. We give ourselves much unnecessary trouble in our inquiries, and ramble far abroad to find that which lies concealed at home. Happiness, or content, (for the terms are synonymous,) depends much less on the acquisition of what we have not, than on the enjoyment of what we actually have. Unconscious or regardless of what lies fully in our hands, we grasp at objects difficult to attain; and which, if we do attain, we soon let go, for the same endless pursuit of others. Hence it happens, that, ever running after new means, we are constantly neglecting to use those we have already mastered, in order to accomplish those ends for which they were procured. This proceeds from the excessive vehemence with which men are actuated in the chase of felicity, and from the ignorant apprehension, that we cannot secure it by too many methods; whereas the dexterous management of a very few, will be found entirely sufficient. An argument of this may be produced from those conditions among mankind, where content is universally supposed mostly to dwell: they are generally such as absolutely exclude all ideas of those

numerous luxuries and refinements, which are by so many deemed the surest ways and means to live happy and satisfied. But of these they demonstrate the inutility and the unsatisfactoriness; and by that superior evenness and serenity with which they are usually accompanied, they seem incontrovertibly to prove, that unless Nature has gifted us with very pure and clear conceptions of things, we are by so many removed more distant from happiness, as we are surrounded with abilities and incitements to gratify our passions.

THE HAPPY RECONCILIATION.

You will not be displeased with the story of the two old gentlemen who, some short time ago, met at an inn on the North road, the one in pursuit of his son, and the other in pursuit of his daughter, both of them some miles before them on the wing to Gretna Green. The two fathers, equally averse to the union of the young people, mutually vented their regrets and reproaches at this unexpected interview; each accusing the other of wanting that vigilance, or authority over his own child, which might have prevented their thoughtless expedition. After some time spent in this unseasonable altercation, they recollected that, since their own arrival, the lovers had proceeded some miles in addition to those, which they had already advanced before them. Each demanding a post-chaise to continue the pursuit, the landlord informed them, that he had only one at their service. As time was equally precious to both, our travellers agreed to share the carriage between them. You may easily imagine what agreeable companions they were in a post-chaise. Considerations of economy, however, and the opportunity of continuing their mutual reproaches, reconciled them to one carriage for the rest of the journey. On they trundled for some successive posts; ill-humour and high words increasing with every turn of the wheels. When they arrived at Longtown, their last station to Gretna Green, neither carriage nor horses were to be procured. The lovers, two hours before, had engaged the only one in the town, and meant to detain it for their return. The horses which had brought the old gentlemen to Longtown, had been obliged to come the two last posts, without stopping, and were so entirely jaded and fatigued, as to need both refreshment and rest before they could be driven on farther. The travellers, scarcely less exhausted, and compelled to continue some time there, consented to make the best use of it in recruiting their strength and spirits by recourse to the larder and a bottle of wine. The serious business of the moment diverted their thoughts from contumelious reflections. In the interval of silence, which almost necessarily took place, and whilst the organs of speech were engaged in mastication, they began, after a little calculation, to perceive, that it would be impossible for them to overtake the young couple, before Vulcan had forged their hymeneal chain. The refreshment of food and wine had now somewhat cheered their hearts; a better humour succeeded to unavailing reproaches; they coolly discussed the circumstances of the case, and at last, shaking hands, concluded with a resolution of staying where they were to give their blessing to the happy pair on their return.

Lon. pap.

REMARK.—Put yourself always in the place of those whom you wish to injure or annoy, and you will not offend them.

From the Town.

We have read many of the productions of LODINUS, but none with more pleasure than this.—It is vigorous and tender.

ODE.

LADY, does it grieve thee, tell me,
That thou once wert kind?—I'll swear
Those smiles were meant but to repel me,
And scorn, not love, was seated there.

I'll say, those lips have never blest me;
Never breath'd one mutual sigh;
And, when that touch at parting prest me,
Swear 'twas meant to bid me fly.

Yes! if thy gentle heart will let thee,
Oh forget thou'er wert kind!
I will strive, too, to forget thee,
And in madness, seem resign'd.

And, oh! relenting at my anguish,
Should'st thou chide the fruitless sigh,
Should'st thou bid me cease to languish,
Lady, I'll obey—and die!

Then farewell the harp forever!
Once thou taught'st its strings to glow;
Soon the quivering string must sever,
Touch'd by the icy hand of woe!

Yet, never shall these lips upbraid thee
With one sad, one murm'ring breath,
Till Heaven, more kind than thou art, Lady,
Shall bid them sigh the sigh of death!

LODINUS.

LINES,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A FATHER'S DEATH.

O day forever sad, forever drear,
Felt with a sigh, remember'd with a tear!
Though Morning shakes her dew from Flora's crown,
And gilds the day with splendour all her own,
The wave of sorrow harrows up my breast,
Where sharp affliction reigns, a constant guest;
Affliction's herbs, that all my peace destroy,
Deaden the seasons renovated joy:
Tho' summer reign—to me, where'er I rove,
'Tis winter yelling in the leafless grove,
While memory sheds Affection's filial dew,
And leads to visit yonder sable yew:
A Parent's virtues on my bosom break,
Mild in their texture as the tranquil lake;
Time ne'er can check my grief, tho' ages roll;
When free'd from bondage, shot his spotless soul,
Swift as a falling meteor wing'd its way
To realms of bliss, in everlasting day.

On hearing a Young Lady too frequently exclaim
"the Devil."

See, round her lips the ready devils fly,
Mix with her words and bask beneath her eye!
Pleas'd that so sweet a station should be given,
They half forget they ever fell from heaven.

Another on a similar occasion.

Thou charms of Ellen who shall dare deny?
Youth decks her cheek, and love informs her eye;
Her mouth would mollify a heart of flint,
So truly tempting that the devil's in's.

EPITAPH,

Taken from a stone in Hollesly Church yard, Eng.

A man is born; alas! what is man?
A scuttle full of dust—a breath—a span;
A vale of tears—a vessel tun'd with breath,
By sickness breach'd, and then drawn off by death.

THE OSNABURGH TORTURE.

Who can read the following narration without feeling his "blood freeze in his veins," or without execrating the government which countenances such worse than savage murder. Let the reader remember, that Hanover belonged to the king of England, and that the fact is stated by one of his own subjects.

Having heard much of the mode of torture practised at Hanover, called the *Osnaburgh* torture, and which is applied by executioners purposely sent for from that Bishopric, (the duke of York was then bishop of Osnaburgh) I applied to be admitted to the cellar in which the engines of torture are kept—as my introduction was by a high officer of the court, I had the honour of a seat near the judges. The person who was put to the torture that day happened to be a female, of family and respectable connections, whose husband stood charged with some crime, but had escaped from his executioners—they seized his wife, to compel her by the torture of Osnaburgh to criminate him and his connections.

She was of the most exquisite beauty, and the judges feasted their eyes with a view of her person, already disfigured, by repeated questions as she lay extended on the rack, with only a loose garment thrown over part of her body.—The Osnaburgh torture was applied in the manner that is related in Mr. Howard's narrative in all its exquisite refinements.—She persisted in her innocence.—Her judges, the representative of the elector of Hanover, celebrated for his domestic and social virtues sat unmoved, either by her beauty, sufferings, or protestations. They ordered the executioners to vary her tortures—the cords were drawn to the shortest. She was a mother! From her beauteous and lovely but agonizing breasts, forced by the extreme of her torments, blood spouted, and covered the faces and clothes of her judges. She still asserted her innocence—executioner, increase the question, was again the exclamation of those fiends of Hell; with the most piteous lamentations she begged for mercy. It was in vain—the executioner obeyed the mandates of his superiors, they hove once more at the rack—she shrieked, the name of her beloved babe and husband murmured on her trembling lips—nature was totally exhausted by shame and torture—she expired. Good God, never shall I forget the dreadful moment! And is this exclaimed I to myself, staggering from this court of justice, is it my king, who governs with absolute sway in this city!

ANECDOTE.

A Counsellor examining a witness in the Court of King's Bench, whose evidence he endeavoured to invalidate, was whispered to by a wag behind him to interrogate the witness as to his having been a prisoner in Gloucester jail.—Thus instructed, the Advocate boldly asked—"When, Sir, were you last in Gloucester jail?" The witness, a respectable man, with surprise, declared that he never was in jail in his life. The Counsellor turned round to his friendly brother, and asked for what the man had been imprisoned? The answer was "for suicide." Without hesitation he addressed the witness—"Now Sir, I ask you upon your oath, and remember I shall have your words taken down, was you not imprisoned in Gloucester jail for the crime of suicide?"—The whole court burst into a fit of laughter, and the Counsellor's embarrassment may be easily conceived.

SELECT SENTENCES.

This habit of reading, though even of indifferent performances, is not a little beneficial; inasmuch that it may serve to withdraw the memory from subjects of domestic grief, or direct the mind from thoughts which engender perilous passions: but the advantage of reading good books is incalculably great; for though we should not put all or any of its precepts into immediate practice, it is laying in a fund, a treasure of morality, which sooner or later, may come into use.

He who betrays another's secrets, because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy of the sacred name of friend; a breach of kindness on the one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 24, 1807.

The city inspector reports the death of 37 persons (of whom 12 were men, 7 women, 9 boys, and 9 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz: of apoplexy 2, casualty (a cartman killed by a sand bank falling upon him while at work) 1, chilled 1, consumption 5, convulsions 5, dropsy 2, hives 4, indigestion, inflammation of the lungs, mortification, old age, palsy, pleurisy, quinsy, sprue, still born, syphilis, and whooping cough, of each 1.

An attempt was made on Wednesday evening, between the hours of 10 and 11, to set fire to a block of wooden buildings in Beekman-slip. It was providentially discovered before it made any progress—but not by the watchman, although stationed nearly opposite.

Albany Jan 19.—On Saturday afternoon last, one of the most afflicting and melancholy occurrences took place in this vicinity, that it has ever been our painful duty to record. Miss Jane Ann Lansing, eldest daughter of Sanders Lansing, Esq. of this city, being on her way to Shodack, in a sleigh, in company with Gerrit Y. Lansing, Esq. and two young ladies, her connections, was drowned. The sleigh, it seems, fell through the ice very suddenly, on one of the branches of the river about ten miles below town—and in the terror and confusion of the moment, the unfortunate Jane Ann was lost sight of by her companions.—She is supposed to have sprung or been thrown out of the sleigh, and to have sunk immediately under the ice. Providentially her companions were saved from sharing in her untimely and much lamented fate. Her body was taken up in about an hour after the catastrophe, and was brought up to town on Sunday afternoon.

Lancaster, January 9.—Of the two men who robbed and murdered old Mr. Eschelman, in Dauphin county, last summer, McGowen was executed pursuant to his sentence, on Monday week last, at Harrisburgh. The other, named Jameson, had escaped from jail a few days before, and was not taken until Sunday last, when he was caught in bed at his mother's house in Reading, with the iron collar round his neck. His Excellency the Governor, has signed his warrant of execution, to take place to-morrow at 12 o'clock, at Harrisburgh.

Montpelier, December 29—On Monday, the 15th instant, the joice of a new house, belonging to Deacon Barnard, in Waitsfield, into which he had but lately moved his family and effects,

on a sudden gave way, by which a large quantity of corn in the ear, poured upon the lower floor, where Mrs. Barnard was engaged in her domestic concerns. The corn so completely buried her, that it was with much difficulty Mr. Barnard found where he might successfully begin his efforts to rescue her from her perilous situation. Mr. Barnard, who is upwards of 60 years of age, and who had no help at hand, experienced much difficulty in removing such a vast mass of corn in sufficient season to save the life of his wife. He, however, by great exertion, was enabled to give the timely and necessary relief, so that she received no material injury.

DANCING.

The Academy at No. 12 Beekman-slip, is now open for the admission of pupils. Hours of attendance, in the afternoon for children, and in the evening for grown persons.

Private Lessons.—As the advertiser resides at the above place, he has it in his power, at almost any hour of the day or evening, to attend on Ladies & Gentlemen, who, not having had an opportunity, in early life, to acquire the now so fashionable accomplishment of dancing, would wish to learn, having every necessary accommodation for the purpose of private instruction, by which persons of tolerable capacity may, in a very short time, be enabled to dance with propriety at balls or assemblies.

Public practicing every Wednesday evening.

A course of French has also begun at said place, to which a few more select pupils may be admitted provided application be made during the ensuing fortnight. All persons desirous of being attended at their houses, to be instructed in either French or Dancing, M. Ignace C. Fraiser, offers his services.

THOMAS HARRISON.

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woolen Dyer, No. 63, Liberty-Street, near Broad-way, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient.

December 6.

929—tf.

TO THE LADIES.

MRS. SMITH, FROM LONDON.

Begs leave to inform the Ladies of New-York, she intends appropriating her time to making, repairing & altering Muffs & Tippets to the latest fashions.

Mrs. S. having conducted an extensive Furr Manufactory, a number of years in London, flatters herself she will be able to please those who may favor her with their orders at No. 44 Oak Street.

November 15.

926 tf.

TO THE LADIES.

M. HEDGES, Hair Dresser, notifies the public, respectfully, that he has again resumed his profession, and being grateful for past encouragement, presumes on the liberality of his former employers & friends to promote that success which will be his pride to merit.

Messages left at No. 30 Barclay-street, the fourth door below Church-street, on the left hand from Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

November 15.

926 tf.

Hutchins' Improved ALMANACKS, for 1807, Also—NAUTICAL AND POCKET ALMANACKS, By the Grocer, Dozen, or Single, for sale at this Office.

Just Published at Philadelphia, by CONRAD, & Co And For Sale at this Office,

WALKER'S CRITICAL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Ox thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers
The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew;
Each soft enchantment of the soul is here's,
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

MARRIED.

On Saturday, the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. James Crumwell, to Miss Catharine Kemp, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. Peter Darling, to Mrs. Euphenia Price, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, 14th inst. by the Rev. William Parkinson, Mr. William W. Todd, merchant, to Miss Maria Caroline Duffie, daughter of Mr. John Duffie, merchant, all of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Carr Dunn, jun. Esq. of this city, to Mrs. Waters, of Jamaica, Long-Island.

By the Rev. Bishop Moore, John Woffendale, Esq. to Miss Catharine Castelli.

At Hallett's Cove, on Wednesday the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Schoemaker, Mr. John Trafford, of this city, to Miss Grace Rappley, of the former place.

At Richmond, on Thursday the 1st instant, Charles Johnston, Esq. (of the house of Picket, Pollard and Johnston, of that city) to Miss Betsey Steptoe, the eldest daughter of James Steptoe, Esq. of New-London, Bedford County.

At Stamford, on Thursday evening, the 1st inst. Mr. Rufus Richards, of Troy, to Miss Ruah Scofield, of the former place.

At Marseilles, the 1st inst. Mr. Israel Curtis, to Miss Ann Lawrence.

At Rye, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Crawford, Doct. Jonathan Coe, aged 82 years, to Mrs. Phoebe Bettis, aged 84 years, both of the same place. This being the Lady's fourth husband and the Gentleman not having walked without crutches for the last twenty years, to the astonishment of all present, stood up with nothing but his amiable bride to lean upon.

MORTALITY.

O mortal, wander where you will,
Your destiny is cast;
The rising stone and the green hill,
Proclaim your rest at last.

DIED.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. Martha Ritchardson, wife of Mr. William Ritchardson, of this city.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Mary Ann Brewer, wife of Mr. Samuel Brewer.

At Lewiston, Captain Elisha Lake, aged 66—a veteran of the Revolutionary War. He had been helpless and supported by the town for ten years past; his wife having tied him in a chair as usual, and left him for a moment, on her return found he had fallen with the chair into the fire, and was so burned as to survive but a few hours.

On the 7th inst. at his iron works, Stanhope, New-Jersey, Silas Dickerson, Esq. formerly speaker of the assembly of that State.

While viewing with much satisfaction the motion of some machinery which he had recently invented, his clothes unfortunately became entangled, by which he was drawn into the works and instantaneously killed.

On Monday morning last, David Thompson, Esq. harbour master, of a wound, supposed to have been received in a duel on Sunday afternoon.

Much sorrow, misery, and woe
Attend thee. For the deed
Thy tears will never cease to flow,
Thy heart will never cease to bleed;
But you will languish life away,
In anguish, horror, and dismay.

FOR SALE.

Cheep, with or without her Child, ten years time of a young active Mulatto Woman. She is perfectly sober, honest, and good tempered. Sold for no fault. Enquire of the printer.

December 6

929—tf.

TICKETS IN THE Vth CLASS LOTTERY.

30,000, 20,000, & 10,000 DOLLARS.

For sale at this office, Tickets in Lottery No. V. for the Encouragement of Literature.

COURT OF APOLLO.

The following was sung by Mr. Twains, in the character of Sampson, in the play of the Iron Chest.

A traveller stop'd at a widow's gate;
She kept an inn, and he wanted to bait;—
But the landlady slighted her guest;
For, when Nature was making an ugly race,
She certainly moulded this traveller's face
As a sample for all the rest!

The chamber-maid's sides were ready to crack,
When she saw his queer nose, and the hump on his back;—

A hump isn't handsome no doubt—
And though 'tis confess'd that the prejudice goes,
Very strongly in favour of wearing a nose,
Yet a nose should not look like a snout!
A bag full of gold on the table he laid;
It had a wondrous effect on the widow and maid!
And they quickly grew marvellous civil.

The money immediately alter'd the case;
They were charmed with his hump, and his snout,
Though he still might have frightened the devil.
He paid like a prince, gave the widow a smack;
Then flopt on his horse, at the door, like a sack;
While the landlady, touching the chink,
Cried,—Sir, should you travel this country again,
I heartily hope that the sweetest of men
Will stop at the widow's, to drink!

THE CONFESSION.

Go, Colin, and boast of thy art,
Of the flattery that dwelt on thy tongue;
Go, triumph, and say a fond heart
Was fatally lulled by thy song.

I will own I was won by thy guile,
For, shepherd, my love was sincere,
Though thou leavest thy nymph with a smile,
She parts from her swain with a tear.

THE HAPPY DEBTOR.

My mem'ry is of two sorts, long and short:
With them that owe me ought, it never fails;
My creditors, indeed, complain of it,
As mainly apt to leak, and lose its reck'ning.

ON A MISER.

You have a rich man's wealth—a poor man's breast,
Rich to your heirs, but to yourself distress'd.

OF VOLTAIRE.

When M. L'Abbe Pellegrin, complained that he had pillaged some lines from him, and introduced them into a tragedy of his own. 'What,' replied Voltaire, 'have I stolen from you? I can now account for the damnation of my play.'

MINIATURES AND PROFILES.

Mr. Parisen, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that his hours of attendance at his Painting room, is from 10 o'clock in the morning till 3 in the afternoon. These Ladies and Gentlemen that please to honor him with their commands, may be assured to have their Likeness painted to their satisfaction on the following reasonable terms—Miniatures finely painted, from 5 to 15 dollars each—Profiles, painted with natural colours, 2 dollars each—Black Shades 25 cents.—At his Painting Room, No. 59, Chatham Street.

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS,

Wholesale and retail Jewellers & Watchmakers 137 William and 441 Pearl-streets, have received by the late arrivals from London and Liverpool, an extensive assortment of plated ware, consisting of the following articles.

Superb round, oval and oblong tea and coffee urns with legs and lamp.

Do. do. do. tea pots, sugar basons and cream ewers, in complete sets to match.

Rich cut glass castors and liquor frames.

Oval and oblong cake baskets.

Candlesticks and brackets, newest fashion with silver gadroons.

Chamber candlesticks with snuffers and extinguishers.

Elegant three light branches.

Snuffer and snuffer trays.

Fish knives, toast trays, inkstands, salts.

Wine-strainers, wax-winders with tapers.

Soup ladles, knife rests, sugar tongs.

Mustard spoons, &c.

A few sets superb double plated and silver edged oblong soup and sauce tureens with dishes.

Egg boilers for 6 eggs, with lamp and stand.

Oblong rich cut glass epergnes with engraved leafage, and a variety of other articles of the best plate, silver edged and fashionable patterns.

Also—an assortment of single plated Birmingham tea and coffee urns, tea pots, sugar basons and cream ewers, castors, candlesticks, brackets, &c. &c. elegant patterns.

JEWELLERY.

Elegant pearl set brooches, pins ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelet clasps, mourning rings and brooches, watch chains, seals and keys, &c.

They have also received a beautiful collection of gilt ornaments for the head, elegantly set with imitation pearl, topaze, emerald, amethysts and cornelian, very cheap.

A great variety of richly ornamented dress combs, gold and silver epaulets, trimmings for ladies dresses, spangles, coral beads, buttons, &c.

Repeating, horizontal and L'Epine gold watches—silver, single and double case do.

A constant supply of the inimitable Venus tooth powder.

Spanish segars of the first quality in boxes of 250 to 1000.

Stollenwerck & Brothers continue to manufacture and have constantly on hand, gold and silver work of every description, wholesale and retail.

The strictest attention paid to the repairing of watches of every construction.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

SAMUEL MOWRIS, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general that he has opened a store at No. 5 Murray-street, near Broadway, opposite the Sheriff's office, at the sign of the Boot, where he makes all kind of best fashionable Boots and Shoes, viz. Waterproof, Backstraps, Suwarro's, and Cordovan Boots, warranted equal to any in the city, both for work and materials. Where Gentlemen may be supplied with such Boots and Shoes as they want.

Best dancing Pumps, Morocco, or Leather, which he will make to any particular direction or pattern. He will wait on any gentleman at his place of abode to get his orders if notice is given.

All orders thankfully received and executed with neatness and dispatch, on as reasonable terms as can be produced for Cash.

Boots neatly mended.

December 6.

929—4m.

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,

Split straw do. do.

Paper do. do.

Wire assorted sizes,

Artificial and straw Flowers,

do. do. Wreaths,

Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,

Paste boards,

Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,

Sarsnets, white and pink,

Open work, straw trimming & Tassels.

With every article in the Millenary line by Wholesale only.

N. B. One or two Apprentices wanted at the Millenary business.

November 15.

996—H

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE.

NO. 114, BROADWAY.



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping. 4s. per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s. bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb. Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences. Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circaria or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomades, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 1s. 6d. Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron mold.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

* * The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs. Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

January 3, 1807

1y.

ROBERT HAYWARD,

No. 22 BEEKMAN-STREET,

Makes, and has constantly for sale, Venetian, Parlour, Spring and Shutter Blinds of every description, wholesale & retail, warranted of the best quality, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Also—plain and papered Window Cornices, to any size and pattern. All Orders for Exportation, thankfully received and immediately attended to.

An assortment of Hatters' Blocks always on hand.

Old Blinds repaired and painted.

December 13.

920—6m

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by

ALFORD & MERVIN,

No. 15 Catharine-st. near the Watch-house

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON.

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.